47.

AN HUE and CRY After R. Ls.

O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! If there be any Man in Town or Country, or among the *Cits* and *Bumkins*, That can give Notice what is become of a certain *Engliſh* Monſieur, with a certain *French* Name, who hath abſconded himſelf after all his great Bravado's, and fled from Juſtice, fearing to become a Popiſh Martyr; let him inform one H. B. who very much miſſes him, and he ſhall be well rewarded for his pains. But that it may be very well thought he now lies lurking in Maſquerade, we will endeavour to give you ſome certain Marks that you may know him by. He is firſt, a man of Blood, and not the Son of the People, for ſo he tells the Parliament in his Appeal, a little before his laſt adieu to this World, preparing himſelf for a better, ſo that you might ſuppoſe he was juſt gone into his Cloſet to Hang himſelf; but this is but one of his Slippery Tricks to make the VVorld believe what he never intends: For if you ſhou'd go into his Cloſet, thinking to find him there, fairly Hanging like a *Jack a Lent*, you will be deceived, but there perhaps you may find Halters enough to do it for him, made out of his own Papers, twiſted together with Sedition, Conſpiracy, and ſome ſeeming Threds of Loyalty, which he picks forth on all occaſions, and reprints as ſufficient Proofs and Remarks of his great Integrity, Innocency and Fidelity to the Proteſtant Religion, after he has abuſed the Profeſſors of it all he can. But, for all his Blood, they ſay, he is the ſpawn of the Devil, begot upon the VVhore of *Babylon*, and though he hides his Monſtrous ſhape in ſeveral fine Dreſſes, he may

be known by his ſtinking Breath and Cloven Foot. He has ſeveral diſguiſes and ſhapes into which he puts himſelf, a meer *Proteus* to elude the People, a jugling State Hocus Pocus, an *Omne quare*, a Chamelion that can live on the Air of Loyalty, and not feed on the delicious bit of a Thouſand pounds when proffered him. He is a ſtrange Beaſt and Monſter, That has been as troubleſome to *London*, as ever *Sphinx* was to *Thebes*, and there wants an *Oedipus* to unriddle him. You muſt not believe his fine VVords, Papers and Books, for he can juggle you out of your ſenſes, and make you believe 'tis Day when 'tis Night. He is a great Orator, and writes in a brief *Laconique* Stile, he is excellent at ſimilies, and knows all the Tropes and Figures of Rhetorick. He is a great Scho'ar, being taught by his Father, and is ſo uſed to VVriting and Scribling, that he can make a Book in his ſleep: But he has writ of ſo many various ſubjects, that 'twill be hard to know him by his Pen, for he is not the ſame, nor writes the ſame things, nor wears the ſame face in 80, he did in 50 and 51. He ſometimes puts on the ſhape of an Angel of Loyalty, and the very *Genius* it ſelf of the Church of *England*: and will tell you on his Salvation That he never was at Maſs ſince 61, though there are ſome that will ſwear the contrary. But if you doubt of him, Tell him he is a Papiſt in Maſquerade, or at leaſt Popiſhly inclined, and he will be very angry, and go neer to ſpit in your face; if you ſuſpect him, be ſure you look in his mouth, for he hath a Venomous Tongue, and his Chaps are all black and foul, within his Breath ſtinks horribly, and he hath ſore biting Fangs; he uſually carries about him a Cat of Nine Tails, wherewith he claws off all thoſe that ſeek to diſcover him: He has alſo moſt commonly his chief Inſtrument of Sedition in his hand, his Pen, which now upon his Flight is perhaps put juſt behind his Ear, or elſe you'l find it in his Pocket, till he has another fit Opportunity to make uſe of it; with that Inſtrument he has performed more Deeds of Chivalry than ever did the Invincible *Don Quixot*, and rather than he will want work, he will fight with his own ſhadow, and aſſault Wind-mills of his own Creating, you may make ſome Diſcovery of him by his good qualities. He is a great Conjurer, for he can make a man fight with himſelf, and ſet his two Names together by the Ears, he can make the Right Hand beat the Left, and the Left the Right; he can do many other Tricks of Legerdemain, and cunningly caſt a Miſt before your Eyes, and when he Jeers and Laughs you to Scorn, will make you think that he is very Civil to you, Courteous and Kind. He is alſo a very good Painter, he can draw his Enemies beyond the Life, he knows and hits the very motions of their Noſes and Mouths, tells you all their natural Defects, and ſets them forth ſo plainly, that you may know them when you meet 'em, though you never ſaw 'em before. He has many bold ſtrokes, for he can draw Landskips of States, Kingdoms, Religions, Tranſactions, and the whole Hiſtory of our late times in Skeldry, and make them ſpeak too.

He

He is alſo a noted Fidler, for he is always playing on the Strings of the State, which he ſcrews up to a great height, and would ſtretch beyond the *Gamut*; he is the Pied-Piper of *London*, who would fain have all the Knaves and Fools to Dance after him, that he might lead them by the Noſe to think he makes Loyal Harmony; He has the Voice of a Syren, which deceives many an honeſt man, and makes him leave the Ship of ſafety, and fall headlong and blindfold into the Sea of Danger and Calamity and Jeſuitical Conſpiracy. He has alſo *Circean* Arts, and can turn any Body into what ſhape he pleaſes, the whole Body of Presbyterians into Monſters, the Plot into Shams, and Ridicule, the Loyal to a Phanatick, the Jeſuite to a Saint, Petitions to Rebellion, Liberty to Tyranny, and all Writings againſt him into Libels. It is very like you will find him with his Appeal in his Pocket, and a Lye in his Mouth; for he is ſeldom without one; he Chews it like Tobacco, you muſt not believe what he ſays, for he is an apt Schollar, and has learn'd Laſt and Looſe of the Jeſuites: He has very piercing Eyes, and can ſee through all the Diſguiſes of the Presbyterians, and find out their Sham-Plots and Phanatical Deſigns: they are very good Opticks, for the Nation to ſee by, which ſhew things that never were, and make of a Mole-hill a Mountain. He makes uſe of a pair of Jeſuitical Spectacles, which he always carries about him that makes him ſee Wood for Trees, and all that will not be inclined to Popery, to be dangerous, ſeditious and conſpiring Perſons: They alſo repreſent many Loyal Perſons to be Commonwealths-men, and whoever looks through them will think they ſee three Kingdoms Converted into a Balloting-Box; you may know him by his talking with himſelf, he is moſt Excellent at Dialoguing, a right Fencer at *Pro* and *Con*; he puts Caſes moſt dexterouſly, and moſt commonly the wrong ſide out: You'l find him among the Factious and as buſye as the beſt, he muſt be employed ſome way or other. Hold him faſt if you take him, for he is apt to elude Honeſty and good-meaning, nothing can bind this *Proteus* but the Parliament, their VViſdom only can find out his Diſguiſed Shapes, take them off and ſhew him in his true Figure; 'Tis their Juſtice he fears, or elſe he would never ſeek to evade it, and for all his Litteral Juſtifications, this ſlip out of the way, argues his Guilt, and that he cannot ſtand the Teſt.

THE Crack-fart of the Nation's fled,
Who had ſo many Magotts bred;
He ſaw it was not ſafe to ſtay,
But wiſer far to run away.
A long time he had made a Noiſe,
Roring aloud with Thundring Voice.
Making a fume and ſtinking ſcent,
Not Dreaming of a Parliament.

Be-

Before that he away did ſteal,
He wiſely puts forth his Appeal;
And like a very Crafty Elf,
Would have you think he'd hang'd himſelf:
But that his turn will never ſerve,
He may have what he does deſerve:
For moſt that knew him ſtill did think,
He would at laſt go out in ſtink,
Tho' he had got a curious Art,
And could with skill perfume a Fart:
Which he would hold unto your Noſe,
And make you think it was a Roſe.
Theſe to H. B. *the Crack-fart ſold,*
Bartering with him Farts for Gold,
Of which a gain, for 'twas his Trade,
He profit and good Money made.
But Crack-fart now has left his Sation,
And can no more perfume the Nation.
For it ſeems the Parliament,
Does no ways like or love the Scent.
And all his Cracks diſguis'd by Arts,
Prove ſtinking, tho' perfumed Farts.

FINIS.

Printed for *Tom. Tell-Troth.*

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